

The Student's Pen



LOUIS PRINCE

December 1944

The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXX

DECEMBER, 1944

No. 2

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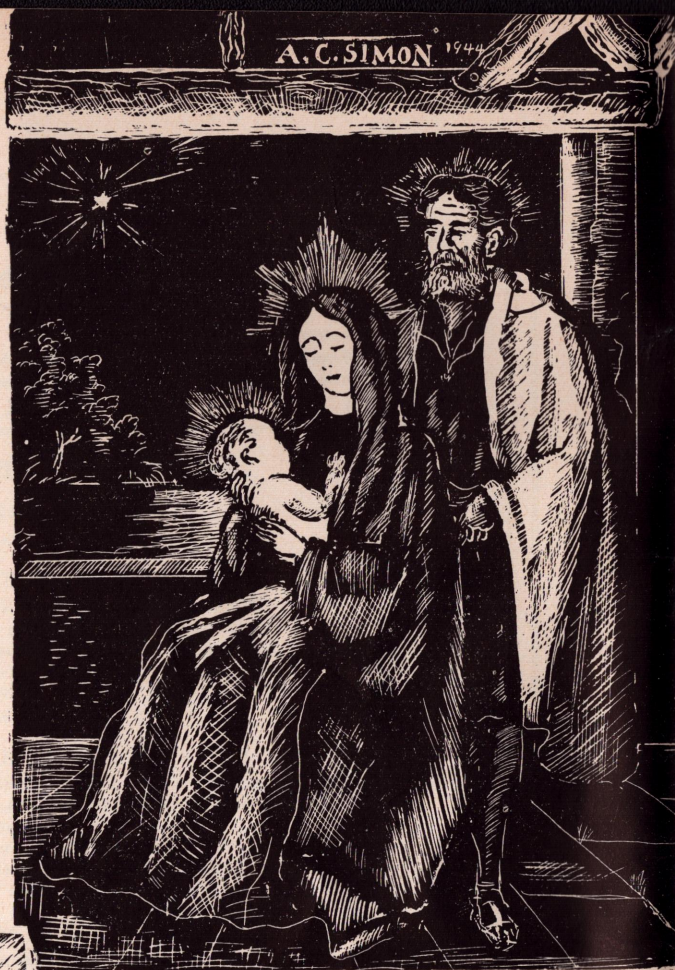
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From the Gospel According to St. Luke

And there were in the same country shepherds watching, and keeping the nightwatches over their flock. And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them.

And the angel said to them: "Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day, is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord.

"And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger."

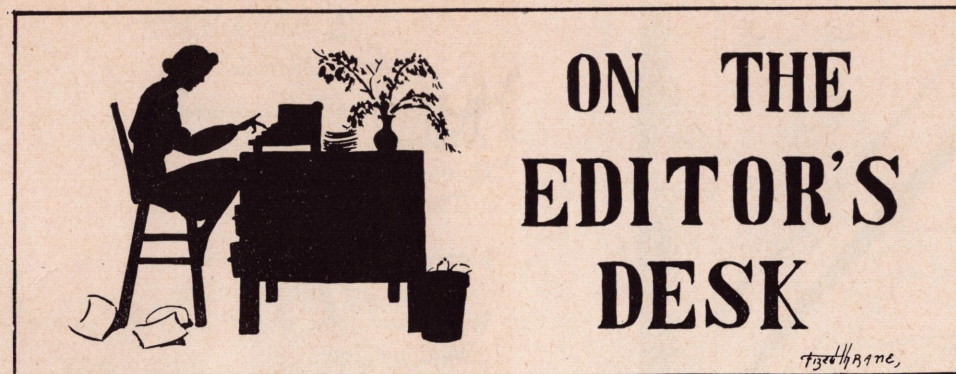


And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

And it came to pass, after the angels departed the shepherds said one to another: "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed to us."

And they came with haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the infant lying in the manger.

And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken concerning this child.



ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

A White Christmas

By Jane Howard

CLOSE your eyes and shut your mind, if possible just for a while, to the death, destruction, and sorrow enveloping the earth. Turn your clock back for a minute to beloved peaceful times, and wander a bit to the Christmas holidays that each one of you enjoyed in childhood—The picture is a glamorous one.

Your school comes to an exciting end with the annual Christmas play and class-room party—the kind that only Yuletide could bring, with bell-shaped cookies, green and pink ice cream, cakes of all descriptions, and orange-colored punch that makes your tummy feel bad. On the first floor of your school stands a huge tree, adorned with silver tinsel, dazzling lights, gay-colored balls, angels, and rows of fluffy popcorn, paving a white way for miniature Santas and reindeer. At the opposite end of the hall a piano has been placed beside the square wooden platform on which you and four others give the story of Tiny Tim. Everywhere is Christmas.

You, a mere youngster, pass out of this school, rejoicing in two weeks' vacation and the new-fallen snow. As you walk gaily home, you peer into neighboring homes, thrilled at the wonderful sights within. Occasionally you throw snowballs at a pass-

erby and hail his angry glance with a cheerful "Merry Christmas!" Then on, helter-skelter, to your own house. A glowing fire and low whispering voices greet you as you enter. Immediately the spirit of Christmas fun soars high, and from now until the eventful day, all is merriment.

You hang a sprig of mistletoe beckoningly in the hallway. Wreaths of holly and sweet-scented pine are attached to doors and windows.

Then at last the day of days arrives—a Christmas filled with excitement, happiness, and love. You open presents—heaps of them—partake of a delicious feast in company with a smiling host of relatives and friends; you sit around the blazing fire, telling stories; and as evening falls you sing again the well-loved carols.

Everything will be different this year. It must be, with brothers, sisters, fathers, loved ones on battlefronts all over the world. But we here at home can keep the memories of yester-year alive in our hearts, and can peer into the glorious future with great hope that from the troublous present will come Christmases serene, peaceful, and happy, with the Prince of Peace once more enthroned in the hearts of men everywhere.

THE SACRIFICE

By Gertrude Giese

The night was dark and cloudy,
The stars were like faint little lights.
How could I know in my ignorance
That this was the night of nights?

I was cuddled against my mother,
Against her soft woolly side,
When there came from the heavens such a
blinding glow
That I baa-ed quite softly and cried.

The heavens seemed to open
Emitting a light that shone
With a glory beyond understanding,
Such as never again will be known.

With an overwhelming calmness
A voice spake from above.
The shepherds, who had been afraid,
Lifted faces, filled with love.

"I come with great gladness;
Rejoice, be not afraid!
Our Savior-King is born tonight,"
The angel host said.

"Peace be unto you, ye shepherds.
Make safe your sheep in the fold,
And follow the star, which guides you
To a stable lonely and cold.

"Therein you will find a mother,
Meek and gentle and mild,
With a father watching o'er them,
And on straw the Child."

Then followed there such singing,
Both wondrous and sweet,
Proclaiming the goodness of the Lord,
And rejoicing at His feet.

Then, while the vision faded,
The shepherds approached, said to me,
"Little lamb, wilt thou go with us,
And our humble sacrifice be?"

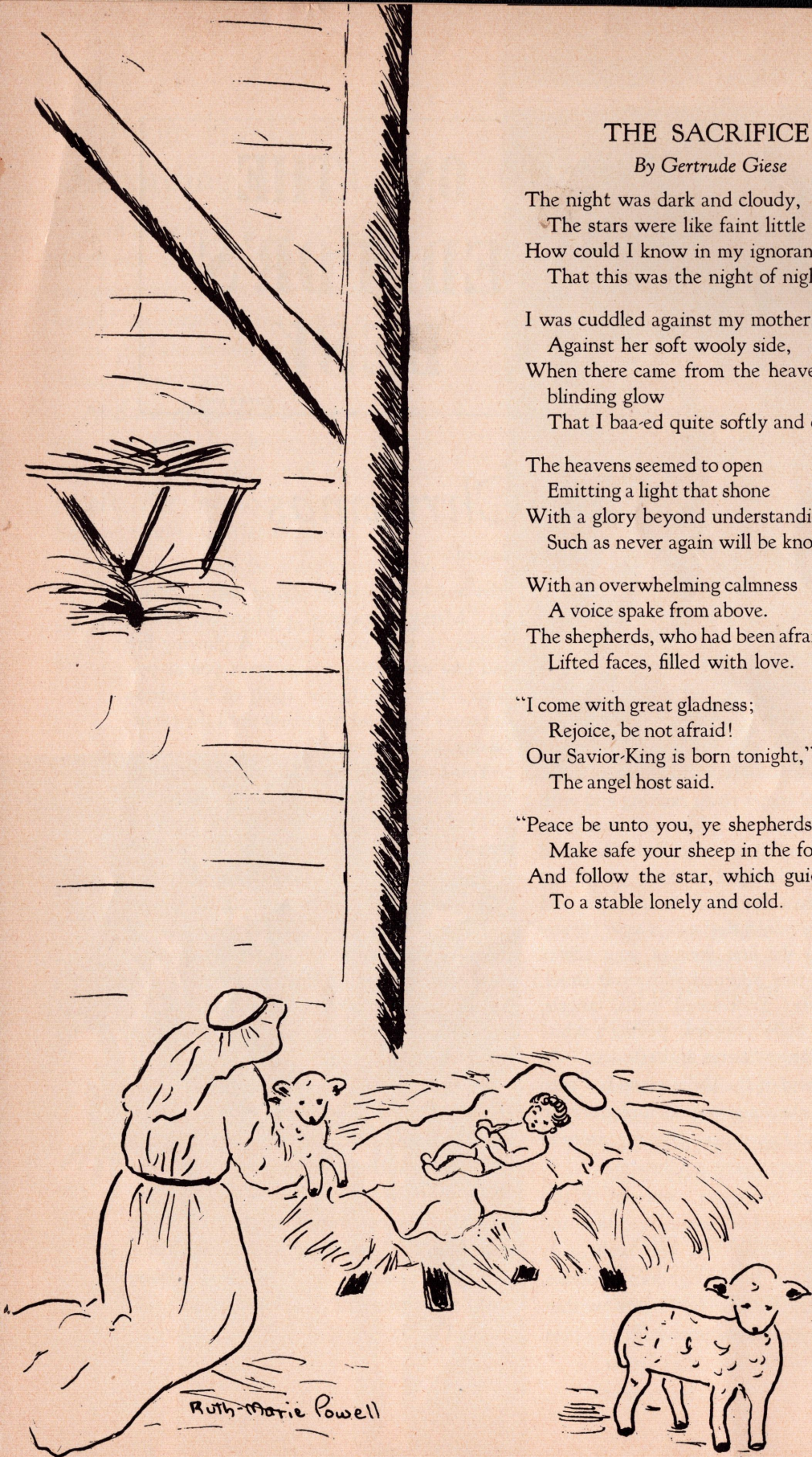
With quiet submission I rose,
And said to my mother, "Good-bye!
I go with the shepherds to see Him,
And at His feet to lie."

We started on our journey
In the breathless, waiting night,
The shepherds carrying me in their arms,
'Till Bethlehem was in sight.

I was so drowsy and sleepy;
I can hardly remember a thing
'Till I felt myself being laid down,
And angels beginning to sing.

I saw a sweet, young mother
Bend over a child in the hay;
I saw a serious father;
And I heard the shepherds say:

"Good Lord, we thank thee from our hearts
For this great gift of love.
Accept our offering, our sacrifice,
To Thee and our God above."





The Girl Who Waited

By Coralie J. Howe

IT was Christmas eve—white and starry. Bells in the churches could be heard for miles around, chiming their hymns of "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles."

Everything was merry with the aspect of Christmas; baubles and bells glistened and smiled out of the windows, at the occasional hurrying, laughing people, hastening to make their calls.

"Nuts," said a voice, sullen and dark, "and again, and again!"

The voice belonged to a soldier, scuffing down the street, kicking the snow onto his shadow with grim desolation.

"Here I come home for Christmas; just get here on Christmas Eve—with the prettiest little bracelet for the prettiest girl"—here he took from his pocket a small box, done up in red paper and tied with silver ribbon, and turned it over and over in his hands—"and find she's gone off to a Christmas dance at 'Billy's Teen Town'," he resumed, shoving the box back into his pocket.

"Pfc. Sandy McBride, of the U. S. Army Air Corps—that didn't mean anything," he thought. He had been a senior last year at Wilson High School (Georgia had been a junior there) and now he was just a plain private in the Air Force. Well, a first class private—belly gunner on a B-24. But he had seen action. It was tough over there in Italy. And he was lucky to be home for Christmas. It was going to be fun to tell Georgia all about his experiences. But she was at a dance, probably with another boy—she wasn't the kind who would go stag to a dance. Somebody he had just been talking to a short time ago said he thought Georgia had gone to the dance with Al Johnson.

"Al Johnson," Sandy muttered to himself "That guy's always been making a play for

Georgia. Now that they're both seniors and I'm out of the way in the Army—way up in the lovely blue in an airplane—" Sandy had never liked Al Johnson. Perhaps his dislike arose from jealousy—Al was a handsome six-footer, co-captain on the football team; Sandy himself was Georgia's size, five feet seven. That's why they stuck him in a belly turret—all cramped up inside because he was a "little man". Now he felt little—and cramped up.

Before he had left for the Army, Georgia had promised him,—and she had written twice a week. Her letters seemed natural. But to get home and find this!

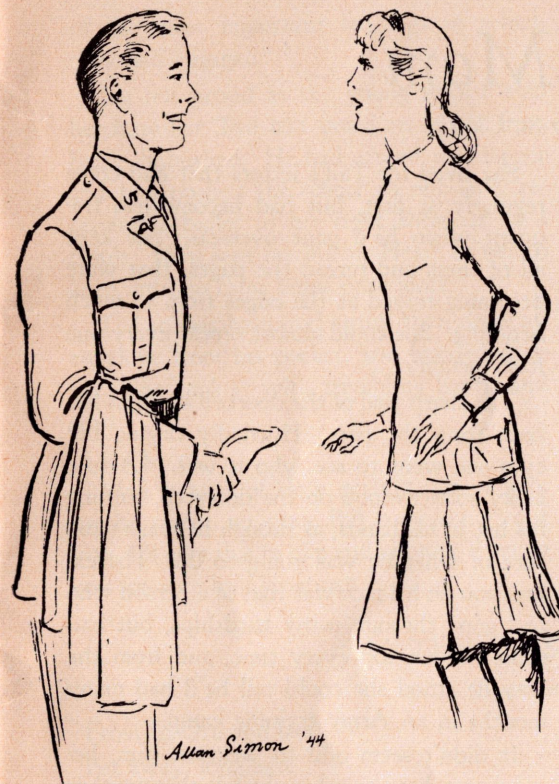
Sandy's soliloquy was interrupted by the honking of a horn. A small car drove slowly by, and a fellow Sandy knew leaned out of the rear window. "Hey, Sandy! C'mon up to 'Teen Town' tonight—have some fun!" he shouted,—and then the soldier smiled.

The cramped-up feeling inside of him began to lose hold—he could at least go to the dance—and when Georgia saw him, wouldn't she be surprised! Wouldn't she invent excuses!

Sandy strode into "Billy's Teen Town" with an air of pride, hoping Georgia would see him, and come running, and he could pretend he didn't care. But Georgia didn't see him—nor did Sandy see Georgia.

Then the old feeling came back. The whining strains of "White Christmas" coming from the juke box seemed to make him more lonely.

And then he spotted her. She was sitting at the soda fountain with her back to him, her shining blonde hair, draping her shoulders. She wasn't dancing—what was the matter? She was popular; yet there she was, alone. Sandy walked up, but stopped short,



seeing Al Johnson sauntering up to Georgia's side.

"Hi, Chicken," Sandy heard him say, "heard you came stag. How about this dance, anyhow?" Georgia shook her head. "No thank you, Al—I've danced with you already once this evening—I really only came up to watch."

Something inside Sandy snapped—Georgia hadn't gone to the dance with Al after all. She really did only come up to watch. Sandy could tell by the way she said it—she was lonely, the way he was.

"Are you gonna' watch while I'm around?" he asked, stepping forward.

"Sandy! Sandy McBride!" Georgia cried, jumping down from the stool. "When did you get home? Oh—Sandy, this is wonderful. This is a wonderful Christmas present for me—and I've waited for it."

Sandy couldn't say anything. He thought

maybe he had dropped his tongue on the floor, but he wasn't going to look for it now. He just put his arm around Georgia and danced her out onto the floor.

"She waited," he thought, and then remembered the little red box tied with silver. "Tomorrow," his heart whispered, "Give it to her tomorrow—even though it's hardly good enough for a girl who waited for you, shrimp."

Only the soldier didn't feel like a shrimp. He didn't feel cramped up and little, now. Instead, he felt very big and happy.

HEAVY WITH MEMORIES

By Gertrude Giese

It's not a very handsome tree;

It's lopsided and bent.

We got it from the woods ourselves,

It wasn't bought or sent.

It's standing in the living room

Where we always have our tree.

We stayed up late to trim it;

Just my ma and me.

And now it's standing in its joy

A tree above all trees.

It's a symbol of the past,

Heavy with memories.

Two years ago my father put

That bright star on our tree;

And now he's very far away,

Sailing on a foreign sea.

My brother put the lights on

(And incidentally broke one)

He's on Leyte, we think, this year;

His Christmas won't be fun.

My sister—she's a SPAR now—

Put on that colored ball.

That was the Christmas we had the tree

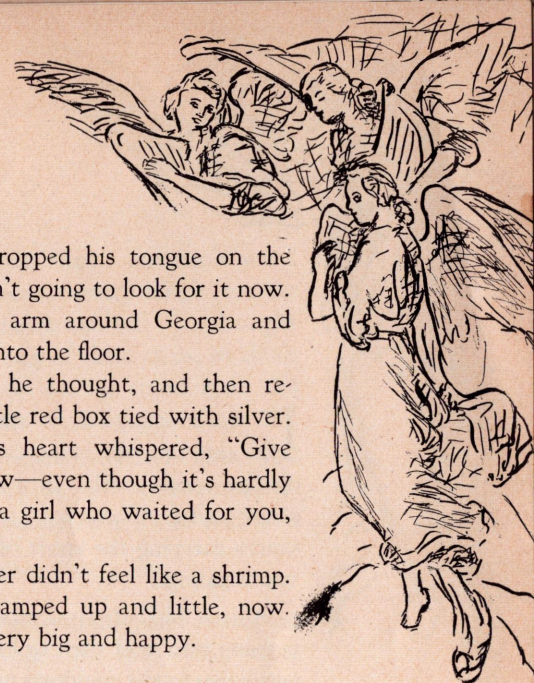
Near the doorway in the hall.

So though it's not a stately tree,

It's a lovely tree, we know,

Because we have some memories

Of folks we cherish so.





Dear Mom

By Eleanor St. Clair

IT was evening . . . stars twinkled in the sky, and the moon cast a mellow light on the white earth. In a distance, carolers sang joyful Christmas songs . . . their voices carrying the spirit of the season with warm tidings.

A little old lady trudged slowly up a street, pausing now and then to look at the Christmas lights in the windows and on the Christmas trees. She turned in at a path that led to a small, dark house with only a service star in the window.

She sighed as she entered, for it seemed more lonesome than ever with Christmas so near and Tad, her only son, away; but she was determined not to let her spirits droop because she knew he'd much rather have it that way.

Taking his picture from the mantelpiece, she sat by the fireplace and held the photograph in her worn and wrinkled hands. His smile warmed her heart. The officer's cap, set at a jaunty angle over his right eye, accented the happy-go-lucky attitude he had always had as far back as she could remember. He could be awfully serious, too, when he wanted to, especially when he was explaining something that was important to him.

For instance, there was that rainy day he'd come home and told her as gently as he could, that he'd enlisted and was expecting to be called any day. She'd accepted the news as bravely as she could, and had even smiled down at the station. It'd been hard to go back to the house that was so quiet; hard not to hear him singing the popular tunes in an off-key; or calling for her to come and help him find his cuff links, that always turned up in the place where he'd looked most carefully.

She lived for Tad's letters that had come regularly at first, but had become less frequent when he'd gone overseas. She kept all of them and reread the pages, that were becoming frayed at the edges from so much handling. She could almost repeat every one from memory.

The sharp peal of the doorbell brought her back from the past. Hurriedly drying her eyes she went to see who it was. A tall, lanky soldier stood on the doorstep, turning his hat in his hands, as though he wasn't too sure of what he was going to do. The expression on his face was that of a person who had gone through many hardships, but had come out on top every time, and from the way he stood she could tell he'd had many months in an Army training camp.

It didn't seem odd to welcome him, because somehow or other she felt that another mother might have been kind to her boy when he'd gone for a visit to help get over the loneliness that comes to boys so far away from home.

Stranger though he was, she received him as a familiar friend, seating him in her son's favorite chair by the hearth—bare of Christmas greens and marked only by a candle that burned with a lonely flame—asking him little intimate questions about his home and life before and after he entered the service. He seemed to hesitate at first, but after a moment a shy grin appeared, and he began his story.

He'd been with her son ever since the first day they'd gone overseas. They'd been together on landing barges, scouting expeditions, lonely guard duty and even fought side by side while they attacked and took an island in the Pacific. Many times they'd saved each other's life, especially during one

of the most important landings in which they had engaged.

She felt proud as the young soldier told her how her Tad had saved an officer from being ambushed. He had sensed the danger and had pushed the officer to one side, receiving a bullet in his right shoulder as a result. He'd sent his Purple Heart to her to keep until he came home once more.

The soldier hesitated again, then drew an envelope from his pocket, and handed it to her. She took it with trembling hands and read:

"Dear Mom,

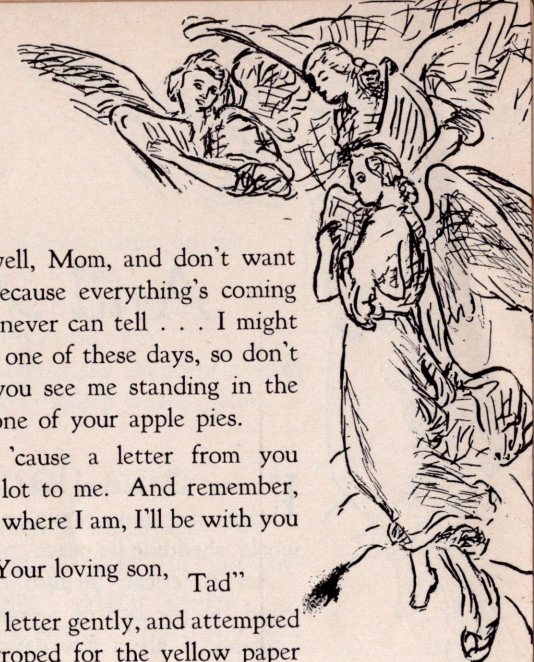
Mail is kind of slow getting out of here to the states, so since Bill is heading your way, I'll give this to him and know it'll get to you for sure by Christmas.

I'm feeling swell, Mom, and don't want you to worry because everything's coming along fine. You never can tell . . . I might be coming home one of these days, so don't be surprised if you see me standing in the kitchen, eating one of your apple pies.

Write often, 'cause a letter from you means an awful lot to me. And remember, Mom, no matter where I am, I'll be with you Christmas Eve. Your loving son, Tad"

She folded the letter gently, and attempted a smile as she groped for the yellow paper which lay on the table, and read for what seemed the hundredth time, the still uncomprehended message.

"The War Department regrets to inform you . . ."

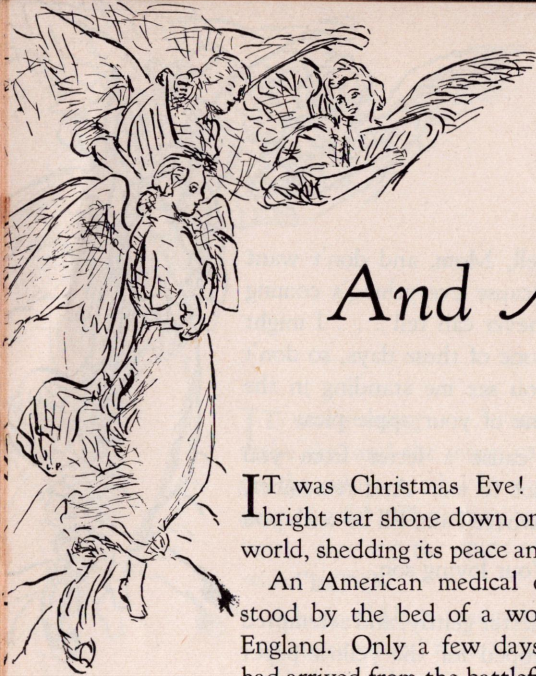


ON THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

By Ann Wierum

From an Oriental land
Far away, long ago,
Came a vision to three wise men
"To us a prince is born."
'Twas the angel of the Lord,
Glorifying, round about,
Sent to them the magic words
"To us a prince is born."
Then the white heavenly light
Spread and seemed to fill the sky,
And faded, leaving to shine
Far off to the westward horizon.
A brilliant star on that first Christmas . . .
Set there forth a caravan
From that Oriental country
Moving westward, ever onward
Following the star.
O'er the land of Babylon
Down beside the quiet waters
Running through the green land—
The starlight on them . . .
O'er the silent desert sand,
Quiet in the cool night;

And the star shone upon them . . .
Down beside the Red Sea waters
Silent now, where once the waves
Rolled aside as if by magic
To let Moses pass by—
Still on, on they traveled,
Following the star,
'Till they came to a green hill
Overlooking a little town
And the great star did seem to stop
Its light shining down upon—
A lonely, little stable.
The rays were all around.
They came down the green hill
And though the drowsy little town
And in the stable they saw a mother
And a child cradled in a load of straw.
They entered, their heads bowed,
And offered at the manger their gifts
Of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.
They saw a light 'round the child's head
And they remembered the angel's words.
"To us a prince is born,
The Savior of the world."



And A Merry Christmas To All

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

IT was Christmas Eve! As always the bright star shone down on men all over the world, shedding its peace and good will.

An American medical officer, a Major, stood by the bed of a wounded soldier in England. Only a few days before the boy had arrived from the battlefields of Germany. The Major had just completed a serious operation on the soldier, and though it was Christmas Eve and voices of children singing carols could be heard on the frosty air, holiday thoughts were far from the major's mind. He was disturbed about this young soldier as he stood above him, carefully checking his wounds.

His mission completed, the Major gave a few instructions to the nurse on duty in the ward, left the building, and crossed the yard to his barracks. As he trudged wearily along through the snow, he remembered the significance of the day and uttered a prayer of thanks for having been given the strength to endure the hard work that had pressed him both physically and mentally these past few months.

"Not a single death among the thousands of casualties" he mused, "Oh, please, God, send them all home safe and strong."

Reaching his room, he flung himself on his cot and closed his eyes, longing for sleep. But who is able to sleep on Christmas Eve? In free lands little children spend a sleepless Christmas Eve, thinking about the many toys St. Nick may bring them. Grown-ups, too, catch the infectious Christmas spirit. But the Major's thoughts tonight were not of material things—rather of home and past Christmases.

Far from his home and loved ones, Christ-

mas Eve was rich with memories. The shining eyes of his children as they caroled the ancient airs, the decorated Christmas tree which glistened and tingled with delicate beauty, and the quietly-falling snow outside were pleasant and happy thoughts. He chuckled softly to himself when he recalled the many times he had played Santa Claus for his children and those of his friends. He remembered the Christmas Eve when his older daughter had burst into tears because her little brother had greeted Santa Claus with, "You're not Santa Claus, you're my daddy!" He sighed at the remembrance of the Christmas Eve when, robed in his Santa Claus suit, with his long, white cotton beard tied around his neck, he had brought a six pound baby girl into the world. It was the first year that he had glued on his whiskers instead of wearing a mask, and when the urgent call had come from the hospital, in spite of his tugs and pulls, the beard had refused to come off.

He wondered what his family was doing this Christmas Eve. Probably they were sitting in the living room, discussing the day—perhaps thinking a little about him, and wondering what he was doing at the moment. His wife, dressed in a soft rose-colored dress, looking as pretty as ever; his son in the uniform of a Naval Cadet, his two daughters, the older a Cadet Nurse, would all be excitedly talking about each other's work, the conversation sprayed with medical terms. Yet Christmas would not be the same, because Dad wouldn't be there.

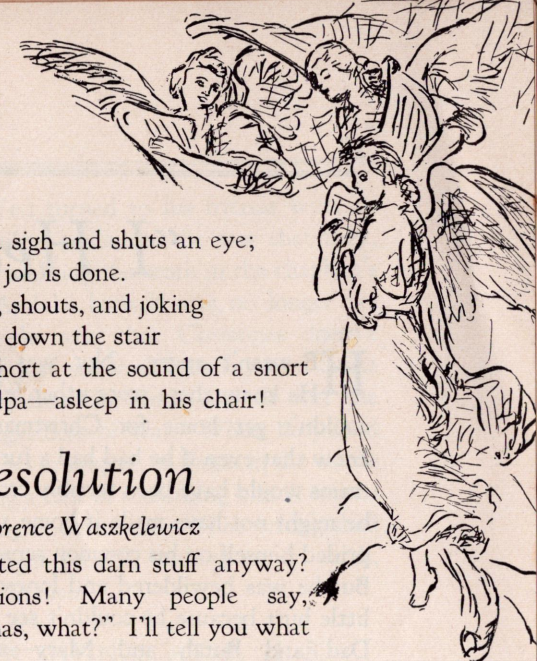
Suddenly a soft tap aroused the Major. A young corporal entered, saluted smartly and reported that a trainload of several hun-

dred wounded had just arrived, many requiring immediate operations. When the messenger had left, the major pulled himself up from his cot, stretched, and mechanically tidied himself. It was still Christmas Eve—almost Christmas Day. He hurried from the barracks into the brisk English air. The star was still shining! He gazed at it longingly as he entered the surgical building. A whimsical smile lighted his face and he murmured softly to himself, 'Merry Christmas, Mom and kids, God bless you everyone!'

GRANDPA'S CHRISTMAS DUTY

Anonymous

'Tis six A. M. on Christmas morn
My sleepy eyes I pry.
Was that a bang?—There it goes again!
Oh, it's Gramp awakening the tribe.
He's shuffling down the long hall now;
In vain I close my eyes;
As I gently snore he pounds on the door;
"Get up! The sun's in the skies!"
The bed feels warm and cozy-like
Besides it's early still
So I snuggle down as Gramp makes the rounds,
His next stop is Aunty Lil.
But Aunty Lil does not respond,
She seems to be asleep;
As do uncles, aunts, and cousins (I have them by the dozens!)
For no one is making a peep,
Dear Grandpa plans a brand new stunt
To wake his family.
He takes a toy horn—its notes are pure "corn"
From off the Christmas tree.
The folks leap quickly from their beds
At Grandpa's first loud blast;
And Grandpa's all grins and chuckles within;
He gets us up at last!
Now he relaxes by the stove,
He was up before the sun



So he heaves a sigh and shuts an eye;
His Christmas job is done.
With laughter, shouts, and joking
The clan tears down the stair
But stop up short at the sound of a snort
There's Grandpa—asleep in his chair!

Resolution

By Florence Waszkelewicz

WHO started this darn stuff anyway?
Resolutions! Many people say,
"After Christmas, what?" I'll tell you what—Resolutions!

"I promise that in '45, I'll do the things I've never tried." And so you gallantly write a long list of do's and don'ts for the new year. Just think how we chain ourselves down! It's a good thing our attempts aren't successful. What a world this would be!

Remember your resolution about doing your homework every night? That was short-lived because a friend was giving a party the night you were supposed to study for your economics test.—And that one about spending only so much a week. Poor resolution? What to do, when Valentine's Day and Mom's birthday came in the same week. And how about the resolution when you promised to go "steady" with Janie? What happened when that cute blonde number came tripping by?—Remember saying you would listen to classical records only? Then came the day when the music shop received a new shipment of Frank Sinatra records.

I could go on and on, naming so many resolutions. Not one is ever kept! Yet, on January 1st, we shall all sit down and make a list of resolutions, trying to bridle the young new year. Resolutions,—ah, yes, I've got mine all picked out. Here it is; I resolve:

To do my best today,
Tomorrow is another day!

"I Heard The Bells"

By Betty Burgess

HE wasn't angry. Nor was he bitter. He knew there were other fellows who couldn't get home for Christmas, and he knew that even if he had had a furlough, the trains would have been terribly crowded and he might not have made it home at all. Ted prided himself on his common sense about it. But he was bewildered and lonesome and a little hurt because he couldn't see Mom and Dad and Butch and Mary—and Jane. *Better not think of them*, he told himself, *you'll only make yourself feel worse.*

Yes, today was Christmas. No snow, no nothin'. A Southern boom town, overcrowded mostly with soldiers and their wives, wasn't a nice place in which to be on this day. In fact, with a war going on, it didn't even seem like Christmas. Oh, there were signs of it here and there—church bells ringing Christmas carols, artificial wreaths and trees, and even artificial snow in special places like the park. That's where he found himself now.

A husky, round-faced youth was crumpling the false snow in his hands. Ted tried to place the country whose uniform this boy was wearing. Feeling sorry for him, Ted spoke:

"Couldn't get home either?"

Seeing the expression on the other's face, Ted decided he'd said the wrong thing, as usual. "Well, I'd like your company, if you'd care to tag along. But I don't know where we're going."

"Oh yes, I'd like to go with you very much," the round-faced lad said eagerly.

After some silence, Ted thought he'd break the ice by introducing himself. "I'm Ted Barrett," he said.

"Call me—Ivan," said the other. Then he started talking in apologetic broken

English. He spoke simply and sincerely, but rapidly, and with a tired tone. "You are very kind to me. I am a stranger here. I come from Russia. This is my first Christmas away from home. There we go to church on Christmas."

"Want to go to church now? I feel like it myself, somehow."

They went into the nearest church—a nondescript frame building. They didn't know the denomination; nor did they care. It was too late for a service when they entered, but perhaps it was better that way. After a while they went out. It seemed more like Christmas now.

A tall, aristocratic looking young man in a worn uniform of the Royal Air Force was leaning against the doorway, apparently in deep thought.

Ivan and Ted hesitated a moment; then Ted asked, "Want to join us?"

The Englishman looked up from his reverie and smiled gratefully. "Thanks," was all he said. He, too, was silent for a while, until Ted introduced Ivan and himself. Then the flyer said, "My name's Richards. A bit homesick, too, I guess . . . You know, my wife is preparing supper now . . . We don't have all the food you American chaps do."

"A queer sort of guy this Richards," Ted thought. "But, it's only natural for him to think of home, and to be a bit jealous of the Americans." Aloud he said, "Gosh, we're lucky."

Ivan said wistfully, "Yes."

Richards smiled and said, "But don't pity us. We're managing quite all right back home." Ted thought rather incongruously that his accent was delightfully British.

They were boyishly staring into a shop window full of tools and gadgets when

another figure joined them. The first thing Ted noticed about him was that he was a Chinese flier; then, that his arm was in a sling. Ted immediately thought of the young Chinese boys that were training to fly somewhere in this area. This one must have got banged up somehow.

"Join our few!" Richards welcomed him heartily. "I'm sure my hosts won't mind," he added, glancing at Ivan and Ted, who agreed.

The China-boy sighed. "How I longed for an invitation to join someone today! I was lonesome for people. Our family is so large at home. We love Christmas."

The four youths linked arms, and walked down the street. Ted knew the others were thinking of home, too. That made him feel less lonesome. But he felt as though this weren't real, merely a dream. *You're crazy! he told himself. Of course this is real! What better companionship could you want, any way?*

Lee, the Chinese boy, suddenly stopped and whispered, "I hear voices—singing—Christmas carols!"

The boys approached the sounds. They came from a canteen, usually thick with people and smoke and juke-box music, but now different and Christmaslike. They simultaneously entered and in the rear of the crowd began to sing, "O Come, All Ye Faithful" with the other men.

A chaplain was introduced. He said, "Boys, I'm not here to preach. I could. I could tell you again the Christmas story, and give a carload of sermons, but this isn't church—it's a gathering. I could build you up and tell you what a grand patriotic job you're doing, but you know all that.

"Instead, I'll remind you that you aren't the only ones who want to be home today. Your loved ones, as well as other fellows of all nations, want the war to be over just as you do. The boy sitting next to you wants to be home just as . . ."

Here Ted turned to his friends with an understanding smile, and he saw that they, too, were realizing the truth in the chaplain's words. And he himself was no longer bewildered—he saw that Christmas doesn't consist of just snow and turkey and Santa Claus, and that Christmas was all over the world, regardless of war. When he joined his comrades in singing, he found in the words of the song a hint of something which caused a remaining doubt to die—"The wrong shall fail, the right prevail, with peace on earth, good will to men."

FAMOUS SAYINGS AT P. H. S.

It was Lincoln who said, "Together we stand, divided we fall", and "Tis the good reader that makes the good book" came from the mouth of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The following are some of the famous sayings around P. H. S.

MISS DAVISON—"Do you get the idea of that now?"

MR. McGOVERN—"What's all the talk about?"

MISS KALIHHER—"Kraer and Dalzell, QUIET!"

MISS JORDAN—"Now folks—"

MISS REISER—"Eyes on the books!"

MISS CASEY—"Are you sick, Mr. Brosseau?"

MR. GEARY—"Which one of you boys just banged on the table?"

McKEE KRAEER—"Quacky Macky, that's me."

RITA SHELSEY—"How-dee-doo-dee to you!"

BETTY MONK—"That Sinatra is the worst excuse for a human being I ever saw."

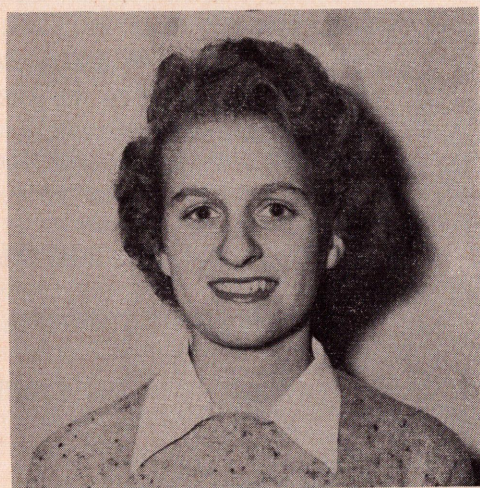
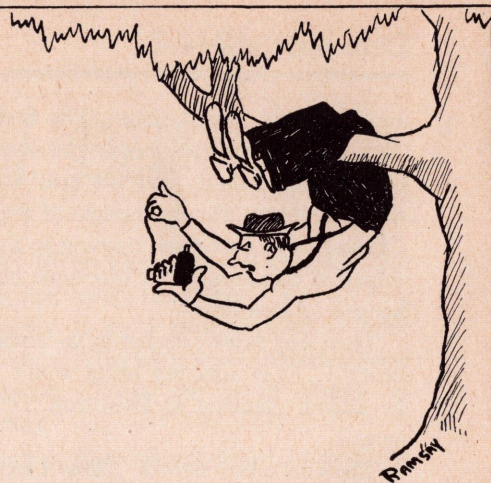
MISS PREDIGER—"Another of Muzzy's mistakes!"

MARY MILLER—"Say now—"

GINNY GLAESER—"Oh! I wouldn't say that!"

P. H. S. GIRLS—"This man shortage!"

WHO'S WHO



BETTY BARSTOW

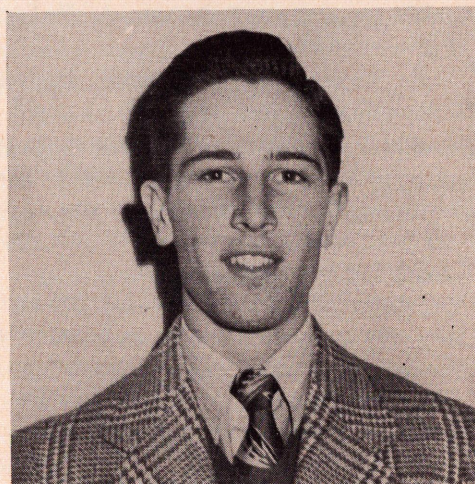
BLONDE BET

That cute little senior we've seen dashing around our halls is Betty Barstow, captain of our cheerleaders this year. This blonde lass with the lusty lungs is also a newly-initiated member of Alpha-Tri-Hi-Y. Her main interests in life are football and basketball (players), dancing and skating. Her pride and joy is her cheerleading squad, which she has worked on with such patience and care.

After leaving the halls of dear old P. H. S., Betty has some very definite intentions. She plans to be a housewife, and we're sure she'll be a great success.

WATCH THE BIRDIE!

This pleasant student, member of the Senior Class and Senior Hi-Y, is George Ditmar, chairman of the Year Book Picture Committee. Sportsman extraordinary, George has been pitcher on the varsity baseball team for two years, and has one year of varsity basketball to his credit. His favorite dish is chocolate cream pie. (Blame him?!). After graduation, George hopes to attend Holy Cross College, that is, of course, if Uncle Sam doesn't find a "G.I." school for him first.



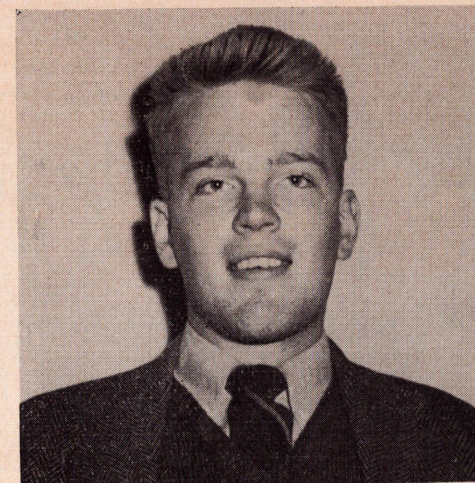
GEORGE DITMAR

CROONER

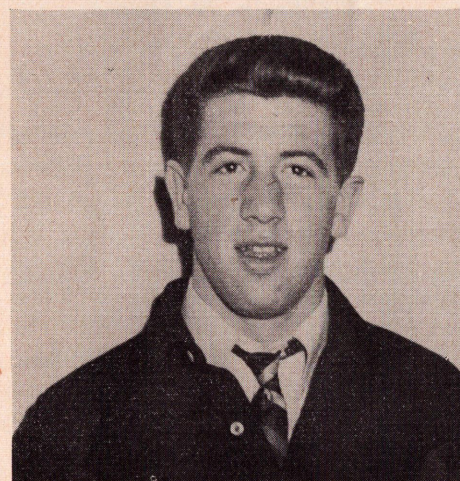
Folks, meet Earl Proper, General Chairman of this year's operetta, "Ruddigore". Fond of music, this talented young gentleman plans to follow it up as his career.

His main hobbies are girls and eating. He just adores food in general, hamburgers in particular. As far as girls are concerned, he rather likes blondes the best, but if the occasion presents, a redhead or a brunette will do.

His favorite subject is music appreciation and his favorite teacher is yes, indeed, Mr. Gorman.



EARL PROPER



MANUEL GOMES

FOUR LETTER MAN

G rand Guy!
Fo O tball (Co-Captain)
M iss Curtin ("apple of his eye")
Pi E (favorite dish)
S hirley (best gal)

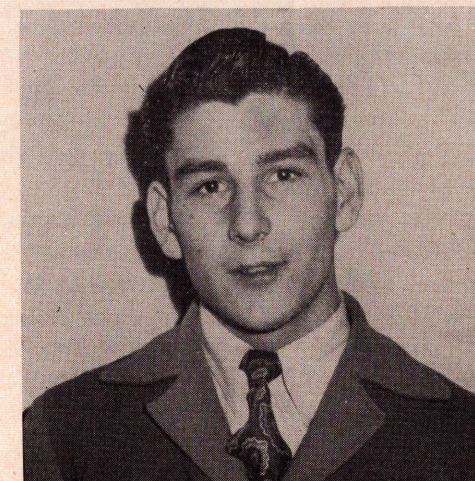
MR. COACH

Meet Emil Fontana, the dashing quarterback of Pittsfield High's football team, and captain of its basketball team.

This popular athlete reads a great number of books. In fact, he sometimes reads as many as three books a week, (funny books, of course!)

Emil is a real all around fellow. He collects coins and stamps. He likes football, baseball, basketball and (blonde-s).

His main ambition in life is to be as fine a coach as Mr. Stewart or Mr. Carmody. Good luck, Knute!



EMIL FONTANA

The Library Column

"JOHNNY TREMAIN"

By ESTHER FORBES

AGAINST a background of growing friction between the American colonists and their mother country England, Esther Forbes has cleverly set forth the Patriots' sentiments in "Johnny Tremain".

This is not Miss Forbes' first historical novel: "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In", a few years ago won for her the coveted Pulitzer Prize.

The scene of the story is laid in the city of Boston and its surrounding communities, which at that time was the leader of the colonies in defiance of the despotic English rule.

Johnny Tremain, a serious lad in his early teens, had been apprenticed to a silversmith and showed such remarkable talent that it was evident that he would become an expert in this delicate art. However, following a severe burn, the tissues of his right hand drew together, making the hand useless in his profession.

Brokenhearted, he sought another trade and, after weeks of disappointment, accepted a job delivering the weekly editions of the "Boston Observer". This newspaper, published by a Patriot, urged the colonists to revolt against English domination. Its office was a meeting place for the Revolutionary leaders of the colony: John Hancock, Samuel Adams, James Otis, and many others.

There were laid the plans for the Boston Tea Party in which Johnny and his companions took active parts under the leadership of Paul Revere.

The sparks of patriotic resentment were gradually fanned into flame by harsh English punishments, and soon the British marched to Lexington and on to Concord. The excitement and actual accounts of these battles are re-enacted through the person of Johnny

Tremain, serving as a messenger for the Patriot leaders.

The immortal ride of Paul Revere again takes place in this novel, as realistically as on the night of April 18, 1775.

For a stirring dramatization of a never-dying tale—the American fight for freedom—read "Johnny Tremain".

Carolyn J. Blowe

"NURSES IN ACTION"

By COL. JULIA O. FLIKKE, A.U.S.

"Nurses in Action" reveals the story of the United States Army Nurse Corps. This book commences with glimpses of nurses in action on all parts of the globe—on Bataan, where the nurses worked in their outdoor hospitals with their clothing red with blood from the operating table; in Ireland, visiting a historical village on leave; or on night duty in a southern camp. The book then goes back to the history of nursing and the forerunner of the army nurses' corps in the days of the American Revolution, the Civil War days, the Spanish-American War and up to the present day. Various scenes are depicted in the book as—Iceland, Corregidor, Bataan, Africa, Australia.

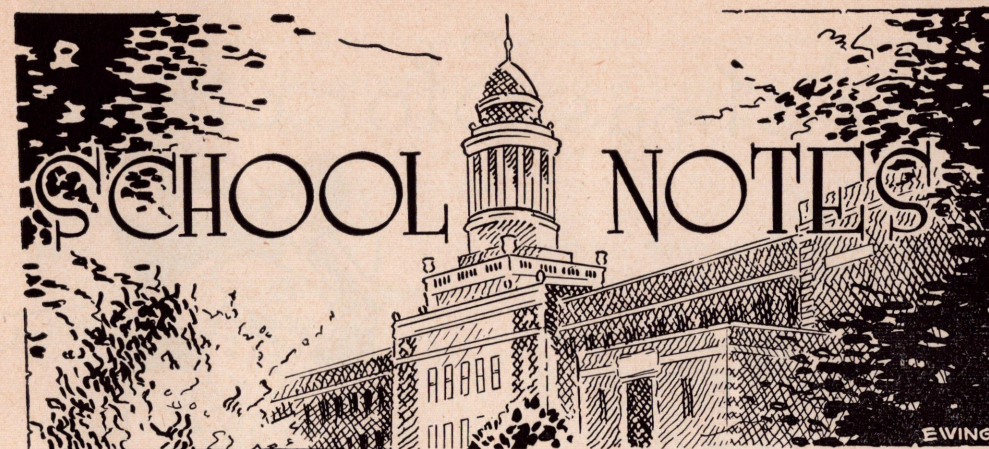
The author tells a great deal about an army nurse's training from the day she signs up, to her arrival at her post of actual duty. She tells what a nurse may expect in the various countries and the many articles that she should have in her possession.

"Nurses in Action" will answer many questions about the United States Army Nurse Corps.

Col. Flikke, the author, was the first woman ever to hold as high a military rank and has had more than twenty-five years experience in the Service.

You girls who are "career conscious"—don't miss this new edition in your library!!

Sylvia Agar



P. H. S. OPERETTA

The P. H. S. annual operetta, which is put on by the senior class, and directed by Mr. Gorman, is off to a good start with a fine cast. The operetta chosen for this year is "Ruddigore", again by our old friends Gilbert and Sullivan. Evelyn Tainter will take the lead, playing the part of Rose Maybud—a village maiden.

Christopher Barreca is Sir Ruthven Murgatroyd—the villain, disguised as Robin Oakapple—a young farmer.

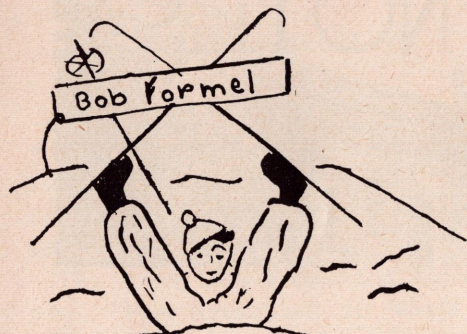
Evelyn Seagrave as "Mad Margaret", and Donald Davis as Richard Dauntless—Sir Ruthven's foster brother, a man-o'-war's man; Eileen Castello as Dame Hannah—Rose's aunt; and Earl Proper as Sir Despard Murgatroyd of Ruddigore—a wicked Baronet; Caroline Cole as Zarah; and Winthrop Gutman as Old Adam Goodheart—Robin's faithful servant; Sally Powers as Ruth, and Roger Petell as Sir Roderic Murgatroyd—an ancestor; all are well cast.

If Mr. Gorman, the orchestra, the cast, and the chorus keep up the excellent work, as they have done in the past, the auditorium should be over-crowded for both performances.

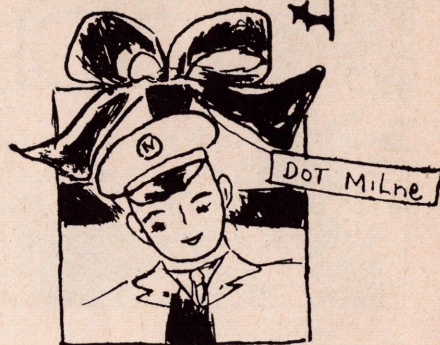
SIXTH WAR LOAN NEWS

An assembly was held Tuesday, November 28th in the auditorium to launch the Sixth War Loan Drive. Frank Blowe was chairman of the affair and introduced as speakers Tom Evans, Senior Class President; Al Totaro, chairman of the Student Stamp Committee; Neil Kent, a Navy discharge who has seen three years of action at Tarawa, Guadalcanal, Casablanca, and in the North Atlantic and is back here as a junior; and Bruce MacDonald, 1st Lieutenant in the Army Air Corps and a former pupil at P. H. S. and recently returned from a bomber base in England after completing many missions. Lt. MacDonald presented movies of a bomber mission, explaining various interesting facts to the pupils. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Gorman, played for group singing, and the program was brought to an end with Mr. Strout explaining why he wanted P. H. S. students to help get the Sixth War Loan Drive over the top. Putting his arms around each of the two veterans, Mr. Strout said, "We want to put the Sixth War Loan over the top for two reasons: the first is for Bruce, the second reason is for Neil!" Well, after that, we students can't fail to make Mr. Strout very proud of us.

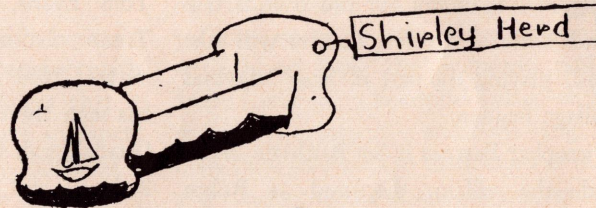
Christmas Stocking



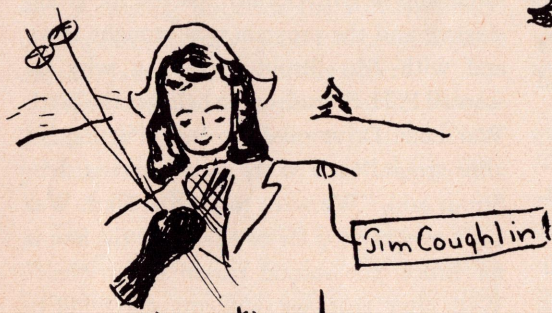
Snow!-Happy Landing



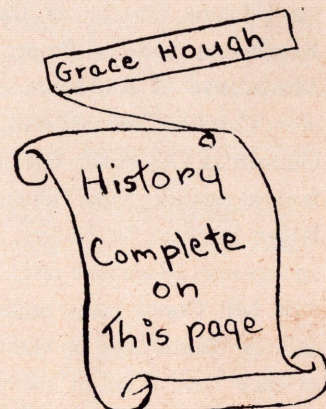
"I'm Home"-Roy



Sleep-Pretty One-Sleep



Happy Vacation!



Where?!

Ruth-Marie Powell

December, 1944

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SANTA'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING

When Santa leaves the frozen reaches of the North Pole to pay his annual visit to P. H. S., he'll certainly have a heterogeneous assortment of gifts if he fills the following orders. Requested by

LOIS SHIPTON—A Maplewood essay in the prettiest of all wrappings.

BARBARA COUCH—A Kamel (N. B. This is the correct spelling).

VIRGINIA ROTH—A "B" in typing so that she can make the Credit List next time.

DOT MILNE—A visit from a certain Merchant Marine.

SUE SZYMANSKI—A peaceful third-period study in Room 141.

LOIS KILIGAS—Mail from a certain male.

RITA SHELSEY—An Italian interpreter when she enters Mr. Spina's room.

ALDEN BROSEAU—Two seats on the fifty yard line at the Army-Navy game every year.

SHIRLEY HERD—Twenty-four hours sleep each night.

TOMMY EVANS—A rich uncle who will name Tommy as heir, so that he can live a life of leisure!

GRACE HOUGH—A knowledge of American history condensed on one page.

JIMMY COUGHLIN—Just a vacation and a girl to enjoy it with.

PEGGY HEAD—My three brothers home on furlough.

BARBARA GRANT—A noiseless alarm clock.

BOB FORMEL—A vacation with plenty of snow.

WELCOME HOME!

A few weeks ago, we of Pittsfield High welcomed Mr. Harold "Boomer" Lynch who returned to our faculty after 19 months as a 1st Lieutenant in the Air Corps. During this time he was stationed at Maxwell Field, Alabama, where his duties included being

officer of the day, officer of the guard, and instructor in the ground school. While at Maxwell Field, Lt. Lynch saw many P. H. S. boys and he has recently met in Pittsfield three boys whom he knew at the field last summer. As an encouragement to boys who might have hopes of entering the Air Corps, he added that not one P. H. S. boy failed in pre-flight training—a pretty good record, don't you think? Neither did anyone get into serious difficulty, though many had to "walk tours" (a minor punishment).

He explained that probably one of the greatest differences between army and civilian life was in the class room procedure. At the field, a flight leader was in charge of all the cadet classes. When reciting, the cadets always stood at attention, and they never ran, smoked, nor chewed gum outside the barracks—and we thought the rules and regulations here at P. H. S. were strict!!!

At P. H. S. Lt. Lynch is teaching aircraft identification and physics.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

ANDREA NUCIFERO and Paul Polidoro of the Auto Department and Joseph Talladiro of the Drafting Department have passed the mental and physical examinations for the Army Air Corps. They are still attending classes while awaiting induction which will take place around March 1, 1943.

Two engineers from the General Electric have been working in the drafting room every Tuesday and Thursday evening for the past six weeks, designing the mechanism for an 8 in. reflecting type telescope to be installed at Springside Park. After the layout drawings have been finished by the engineers, the boys of the Drafting Department will make detail drawings of each individual part. When they are completed, they will be sent to the Machine Department and they will make the parts and assemble the mechanism.

THE OASIS

After a successful opening on October 29, the Oasis still continues to be the favorite nightspot with the students of P. H. S. Although a few changes have been made, the dance floor is always crowded, the various games are constantly in use, and the "bar" does a thriving business.

The changes which have been made include small admissions, and a dance band which plays every Saturday. The orchestras heard lately were Dave Dalzell's, Bob Gibbs' and Jack Wring's.

During intermission some of our more talented students have helped to provide entertainment. They are Evelyn Tainter, Evelyn Seagraves, and Betty Ann Sexton singing; Bill Prendergast playing the piano, and "Yah-Yah" Cronin at the drums. Movies are also shown during the evenings in one of the rooms upstairs.

So join in with the crowds, and come up to the Oasis. (this means Sophomores, too!) Be seeing you there next week!

COMMUNITY WAR FUND

Three of our own high school seniors were the principal speakers at the opening meeting of the 1944 Pittsfield Community Chest and War Fund drive held on October 25 at the Masonic Temple.

Before an audience of 200 solicitors and team captains, Lois Shipton, Jane Howard and Alden Brosseau spoke on the importance of supporting the campaign. Lois discussed character-building agencies and told how they will prepare our city to be what the boys are fighting for now. Jane spoke on U.S.O. activities, illustrating with several stories. Food, shelter, and medical care for refugees through sixteen allied organizations was the topic Alden chose for his talk.

In addition to the three speakers, six high school cheer leaders, headed by Betty Barstow, assisted Mr. James C. Morton in leading the group singing.

HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y NEWS

Let's catch up with the news of our Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y clubs. At last those initiations are over and the clubs are getting organized. The girls that were seen for several days with sweaters inside out and backwards; gruesome black stockings, set off by a bright green bow tied around one leg; and a yellow tag and one curler in their hair, did not just escape from Northampton, but were merely the victims of Gamma's initiation . . . No doubt more than one new member of Beta lost a few pounds having stooped over and over again to pick up her books, which she had to drop every time she met an old Beta member. The servicemen who happened to be on North Street the night of induction will probably always regret it . . . Perhaps you wondered why the smooth rhythm of Jack Wring's orchestra was so frequently interrupted at the Oasis by someone's ugly croaking or a reasonable facsimile to a barber-shop quartet. That was merely Torch welcoming its new members . . . They say the Alpha girls had quite a time blindfolded at Pon-toosuc Lake . . . Straight hair—and we do mean straight—pairs of shoes and socks that had no resemblance to each other, pig-tails, up-sweeps, and the like were not uncommonly noticed throughout the corridors . . . Seniors, Zeta-K, Delta, and Sigma put their tenderfeet through just as much agony.

Now that initiation is all over, the clubs are really getting down to business. Countless activities are being planned and enjoyed—a hay ride—Torch and Gamma; a mother-daughter covered dish supper—Beta; and joint meetings—Torch and Delta, Senior and Sigma, Alpha and Senior, Beta and Torch. The children of the Crippled Children's Home were the guests of Gamma for supper and entertainment. Most of the Girls' Clubs are folding bandages or performing a similar service for the Red Cross. In all, there will be much of interest going on at the "Y" during the next few weeks.

LECTURERS

On December 8 Anna Bird Stewart, a remarkably successful writer of young people's verse and story, spoke, in part, on how to make letters more interesting.

The author of the book "Syrian Yankee" is to be the speaker at an assembly on January 15th. He is Salom Rizk, born in Syria. His book has been called the greatest morale-building message of the entire war.

Karl S. Bolander will address the pupils of the high school on the subject, "Hobbies", March first. Mr. Bolander is the Director of the National Scholastic Art Awards, author of "The American Museum of the Air", and President of the National Hobby Guild.

"The Most Dangerous Job in the World," is the title of Robert M. Zimmerman's talk before the high school on March 29. Mr. Zimmerman, who had charge of the deep sea operations during the making of the pictures "The Submarine Eye" and "The Mysterious Island," will speak on salvage work in the deep sea.

HERE AND THERE:—

Isn't it amazing the way Dot Milne manages to find money hidden in her pockets?

It seems Guildo De Fazio is as bad as some of the girls—swooning continually over Frank Sinatra.

Captains of football teams seem to be quite the fad this year!

Hasn't Tommy Evans' blood-pressure subsided yet?

Barb Goldsmith is taking a special interest in Algebra this year—wonder why?

Is it blondes or brunettes that Alden Brosseau prefers—now?

Ask Jane Hendershot what all the excitement is around 103

After the lecture we heard on Nigeria, Thelma Barzontinni commented to a friend: "Aren't those Nigerian women crazy to put on makeup to go to bed? That sandman must look like Frankie!"

In desperation, after asking Kraeer about the Constitution, Miss Kaliher said: "McKee, suppose I'm a stranger and I don't know a thing about the Constitution. What would you tell me?" To this McKee replied, "Why, Miss Kaliher, I NEVER speak to strangers!"

Congratulations to Kinky Gomes and Mickey McColgan for playing admirable games this year.

Barbara Couch has a new nickname. It's "Babra Davenport" now.

We're willing to bet that Miss Parker is glad winter is here. Now she won't have to see any more painted legs 'till next year.

Many girls have joined the Glee Club this year for its enrollment now is over one hundred fifty. Although Mr. Gorman is quite worried about his second sopranos, the Glee Club is coming up in the world. We hope that the Choral Concert this group is to give will be as successful as last year's.



BONDS AND STAMPS

Pittsfield High has gone all out for the sale of bonds and stamps during the Sixth War Loan.

The following rooms had 100% for the month of November: 102, 105, 110, 138, 142, 143, 145, 201, 202, 203, 205, 206, 208, 212, 233, 238, 241, 242, 302, 305, 332, 335, 337, 341, 344.

The following are 90% and over: 147, 149, 204, 303.

The following rooms are between 60% and 90%: 14, 101, 103, 148, 231, 235, 243.

THE PEN regrets to report that a few rooms are below 60%. They are 9B, 104, 137, 240, 140.

The total sale of bonds and stamps for the month of November is \$9,306.95.

The grand total for the school year, October through December is \$23,033.65.



GIRLS' SPORTS

By Jean Coughlin

FIELD HOCKEY

There was quite a battle this year between the Seniors and Juniors. Last year the big battle ended in the Juniors' favor, although it was a very close game. This year the contest was also too close for comfort. Seniors took the first game; Juniors the second, and the third was quite a fight with the Seniors lucky enough to come out on top. On the Senior team, Jane Kruczkowski was the highest scorer and Carmina Zofrea was tops for the Juniors. The Sophomores were very good, their first season always being the toughest. By next year the Seniors will probably have quite a time defeating them if at all. Mildred Barnes, sophomore, was outstanding both as a back and a forward. Janet Ellis made it much harder for the upper-classmen to get the ball through her goal. As a whole all the teams worked wonderfully, as a team and individually.

On the Senior team were: Doris Lay, captain, guard; Lois Brown, Jane Kruczkowski, Dot Wallin, Theresa Cullen, Velma Merletto, forwards; Virginia Wyble, Joan Coughlin, guards; Bernice Kingsley, guard and goalie; Marie Massery, goalie. Junior team: Betty Limont, captain, forward; Carmina Zofrea, Marjorie Theboda, Gertrude Giese, forwards; Hattie Hall, Edith Evans, Barbara Kinghorn, Jeanne Murphy, guards; Anna La Porte and Connie Totaro, goalies. Sophomores: Mildred Barnes, captain, guard and forward; Rosemary Eagen, Margaret Beahan, Nancy May, Doris Gall, forwards; Therese Walsh, Dorothy Prendergast, Patricia May, guards; Janet Ellis, goalie.

BADMINTON

The Juniors finished their badminton practice the 1st of November. The Seniors are now bettering their skill. Back at the net again this year are Doris Lay and Lois Shipton, those champions who won the tournament last year. In January the sophomores will begin their course and then when all three classes have finished, the tournaments will start. These tournaments ought to prove interesting.

VOLLEYBALL

As is the custom, all three classes are participating in the volleyball events of 1944. Sophomores, most of them being new to the game, are many, and they ought to make a good team. The Juniors have a large class and it will be harder to make that team this year than it was last. The 3rd year classes are not as full as the underclassmen's, but they have more than enough to compose an excellent team.

BOWLING

One of our most popular after school activities, bowling, will begin immediately after the Christmas vacation. About eighty girls participated in this sport last year, which is proof of its popularity. Pittsfield High School girls have won a trophy for two successive years by defeating all other schools in the Western Massachusetts Bowling Tournament. To keep this plaque permanently, we must come through with another victory this year. Jane Kruczkowski and Mary Phair are the only two members of last year's team still in school, so replacements will be necessary. This should be an incentive to all girls interested in bowling to practice and improve their scores and thus be eligible for this year's team.

SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Seated: Velma Merletto, Jane Kruczkowski, Doris Lay (Captain), Lois Brown, Joan Coughlin.
Standing: Dorothy Wallin, Virginia Wyble, Bernice Kingsley, Marie Massery, Therese Cullen.



JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

Front Row: Ann La Porte, Margery Thebodo, Betty Limont (Captain), Gertrude Giese, Constance Totaro.

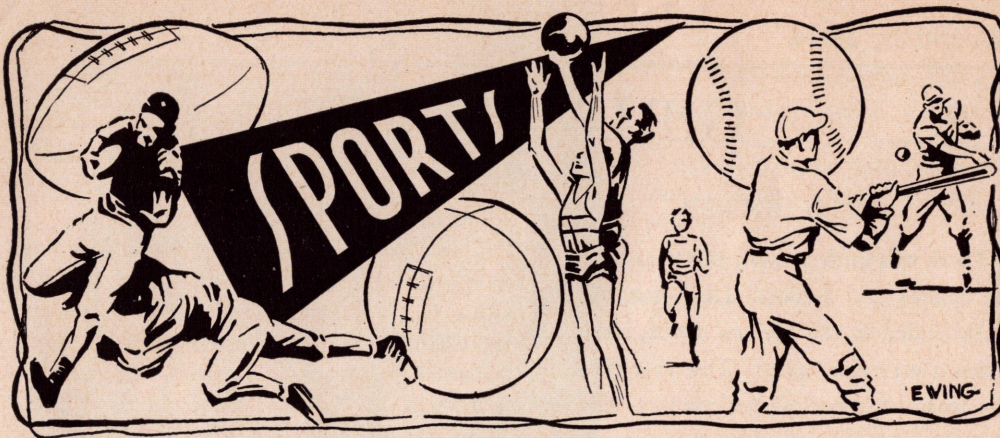
Standing: Edith Evans, Barbara Kinghorn, Jeanne Murphy, Hattie Hall, Carmina Zofrea.



SOPHOMORE HOCKEY TEAM

Left to Right: Janet Ellis, Patricia May, Rosemary Eagan, Mildred Barnes (Captain), Therese Walsh, Doris Gall, Margaret Beahan, Dorothy Prendergast, Nancy May.





ST. JOE 7—PITTSFIELD 6

By David L. Carpenter

For the first time since 1928, St. Joseph High School defeated a much favored Pittsfield High School team by a score of 7 to 6 on Armistice Day at the Dorothy Deming Gridiron.

The climax of the game came in the ninth play of the fourth quarter when fullback Frankie Koldys of St. Joe intercepted a pass thrown by Marshall Wood of Pittsfield, intended for Kinki Gomes, right end of P.H.S. and ran 102 yards for a touchdown. Capt. Franie Ferris of St. Joe threw a pass, to Jimmy Gallagher in the end zone, which was complete, concluding the game.

Pittsfield scored its lone touchdown on a 52 yard, 12 play, 2 first down attack well into the second quarter, a pass interference ruling, which created a 22 yard completion to the St. Joseph 2, set up the touchdown which was made three plays later when fullback Eddie Paris bucked through the line, but the attempted point after failed.

From a strictly mechanical standpoint, Pittsfield was a better team. Its edge in rushing was more than 2 to 1, 133 to 50. P. H. S. led in first downs 8-4 while the parochial school had a slight advantage in its passing.

Red Rosazza played the most colorful game of his two year career in Pittsfield's back field. In 17 carries, he gained 82 yards and also played a very brilliant defensive game. It was Rosazza, along with Don

Broverman, substitute for Paris, who put on the drive that led P. H. S. over St. Joe's goalline.

Late in the fourth period, Coach Carmody's team came out with a new spread formation, which gained 44 yards for the public school. Red Rosazza again starred as he made a net gain of 27 yards on this formation. At this time, Paris started passing and after three incomplete passes he was thrown down on the St. Joe 24; from whence halfback Jack Quinn of St Joseph bucked the 20 just as the whistle ending the game was blown.

Al Bianchi and "Mickey" McColgan played brilliant defensive football as did Ferris for the parochial school.

CATHEDRAL 32—PITTSFIELD 0

By David L. Carpenter

Before a crowd of 3500 people, Pittsfield High's football team lost a hard fought battle to Cathedral High of Springfield, playing under arc lights on Springfield's Pratt field by a score of 32-0.

The biggest thrill of the game for the local onlookers came in the late part of the first quarter and the early part of the second. After Cathedral had made a touchdown in the first period Pittsfield marched exactly 50 yards to Cathedral's 35 on nine plays and four first downs. All of these plays were off tackle runs by Eddie Paris and Norm Carmel. But at this point Red Rosazza fumbled and Tom Murphy, right guard recovered for the parochial school and that was the end of Pittsfield's main threat.

Another big threat came when Marney Wood passed the pigskin 29 yards to Kinki Gomes for a first down on the Cathedral 32. But three plays before the game ended, Paul Van Loon dropped a swell 35 yard pass from Wood as he ran goalward ahead of everyone on the parochial school's 5 yard line.

Paris was Pittsfield's ball carrier with 65 yards in 15 tries. Carmel had 27 yards in 9 tries. Al Bianchi, Donnie Kasuba and Gomes were forced to retire with injuries. All returned but Kasuba who missed the second half with an injured hip. His absence was very much felt by our boys as he is a very clever ball handler.

Cathedral scored once in the first quarter, twice in the second, once in the third and once in the fourth.

Cathedral's whole line played a very good game. Although the team received nine penalties for a total of 95 yards, the penalties had little effect on them.

Bob Flynn, Al Bianchi and Damon Phinney played a brilliant defensive game for the losers.

SEASON REVIEW

By Warren Harmon

With the football season at an end, perhaps you would like to look back and see what has happened. Here is the season's record:

Greenfield	27	Pittsfield	0
Tech	12	Pittsfield	0
Dalton	0	Pittsfield	33
Adams	12	Pittsfield	0
Drury	0	Pittsfield	6
Cathedral	32	Pittsfield	0
Williamstown	12	Pittsfield (2nds)	0
St. Joseph	7	Pittsfield	6

At Deming, Pittsfield met a strong Tech team for the home opener. Although Tech won the game by two touchdowns, Pittsfield rooters got a big thrill when Vin Carpino picked up a Tech fumble and ran over fifty yards before being pulled down. Though beaten by powerful teams such as Cathedral, Greenfield, and Adams, Pittsfield made some

wonderful stands as in the Adams game, when on four downs on the Pittsfield three yard line, Adams failed to score. Frank Koldys's unexpected run won the game for St. Joe. It was a very close game, the score being decided by an extra point pass. On the bright side of the picture though, we thoroughly trounced Dalton. P. H. S. played a very good game against Drury who never really did threaten to score.

Al Bianchi was awarded an all Berkshire tackle position; several others of our football team had honorable mention. Congratulations also to the newly-elected co-captains of 1945, Norman Carmel and Al Bianchi, who were both good all around players this season.

P. H. S. SECONDS LOSE TO WILLIAMSTOWN

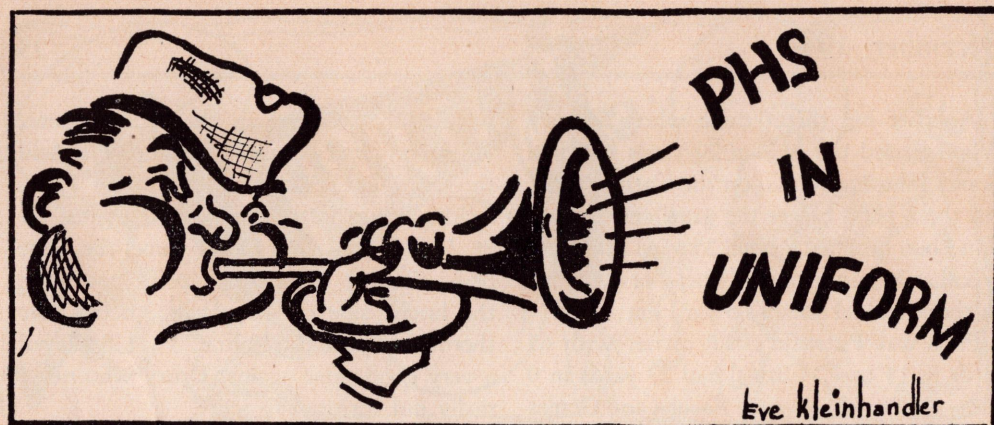
By Warren Harmon

The Williamstown Boys' Club led by Bill Hart, beat the P. H. S. seconds on Thursday, November 2, at Deming Field. Bill Hart was the chief threat to Pittsfield, being very slippery and tough for a tackler to get a good hold on, as well as being a good strategist at quarterback. After a drive of approximately sixty yards aided by Hart's twenty-four yard run, the Williamstown fullback backed over in the second quarter for the first touchdown. The rushing try for the extra point failed.

In the last quarter, the Pittsfield line, defending its goal from the twelve yard line, held Williamstown to no gain for the first three downs, but on the fourth, Hart faked a pass and ran wide around the P. H. S. right end to set up the second score. The Williamstown extra point kick went wide and left the final score 12-0.

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SGT. AMERICO QUADROZZI and SGT. FRED NAJIMY, who have both been in the army for 30 months, met recently in France. Sgt. Quadrozzi, who is in a medical group attached to an Anti-Aircraft unit, and Sgt. Najimy, who is attached to an engineering outfit, are both graduates of the class of '38.

PVT. JOHN FRANCESE, who went into the army instead of returning to school to finish his senior year, was first sent to Fort Devens, and then to Georgia where he will start training. Good luck, John!

JOSEPH W. COY, Seaman First Class, after completing his boot training at Sampson, N. Y. was moved to England, and is now attending L. S. T. school.

PVT. ROBERT BOLAND, art editor for THE PEN in '44, was first sent to Greensboro, N. C. then to Madison, Wis., and finally to Chanute Field, Ill., where he is now studying electronics. Bob expects to remain there from six to ten weeks.

RICHARD GIESE, (Pied Piper of P. H. S.) is a Musician Third Class and plays with the Coast Guard Band at the Academy in New London, Conn.

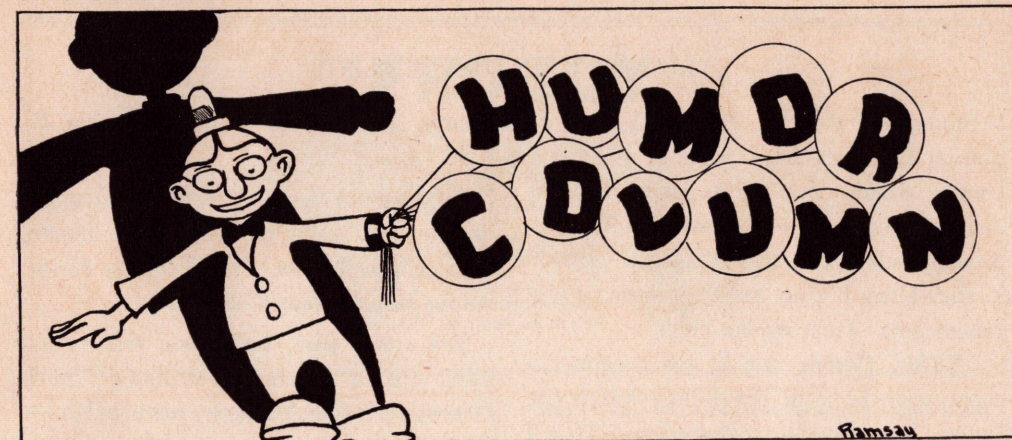
PFC. GEORGE H. GIBBS' first stop after going into the army, was Parris Island, N. C., where he took his basic training. Then he was transferred to Camp Lejeune, S. C. He is at present serving overseas.

SYDNEY NOVICK, United States Navy, who left school in his junior year to enlist, received his boot training at Sampson, N. Y. After Sampson, Syd went to San Diego and on to San Francisco where he is awaiting further orders.

VINCENT C. WALSH lost no time in donning the blue of Uncle Sam's Navy after graduating last June. He was sent to Sampson, N. Y. where he is receiving training as radio man. After Sampson, Vin expects to be sent overseas—"destination unknown".

ROBERT ROBINSON, Seaman First Class, has recently finished his boot training at Bainbridge, after he was transferred to Newport, R. I. Here he is awaiting further orders.

PVT. ROBERT ROZAN has just left Fort Devens, Mass. for Sheppard Field, Ill. where he will undergo training as an army air cadet.



CLASSROOM PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
The lecture's dull, the subject deep.
If teacher should quit before I wake,
Give me a poke for goodness sake.

Anne G.: "I'm worried. I've heard sailors have girls in every port!"

Len G.: "You should worry! You've got a boy in every senior homeroom."

Miss Murphy: "How many boys in this room go hunting?"

All hands are raised in unison.

Miss M.: "Oh dear, I mean with guns."

G. Ditmar: "What's good for the seven year itch?"

L. Ginsburg: "Long finger nails!"

A danca,
A data,
Home worka—
Out lata,
A classa,
A quizza,
No passa,
Gee whizza!

Mr. Leahy: "I tell you, boy, I'm a self-made man."

Brother Sacco: "Gee, it's darn nice of you to take all the blame."

Joe Z.: "What were the boys arguing about?"

D. Sullivan: "About the size of my head"

Joe Z.: "Oh, so they had a bone to pick?"

Humor Editor: "I just thought of a good joke."

Assistant H. E.: "Oh, get your mind off yourself."

Absent-minded Teacher: "I'll wait 'till that fellow back there stops making a show of himself; then I'll begin."

Martin: "I found three dollars!"

Blowe: "Well, pay me the sixty cents you owe me!!!"

Martin: "Wait 'till I tell you the rest of my dream."

Miss Kaliher: "I'm a woman of few words. If I beckon with my hands, that means 'Come'."

M. Kraeer: "That suits me. I'm a man of few words, and if I shake my head, that means, 'I'm not coming.'"

Interviewer: "Have any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

Mr. Carey: "Yes, when I used to have to comb my hair as a little boy I wished I hadn't any."

"RUGGED" SENTIMENTALISTS

Students of P. H. S., Awaken!! Your inquiring reporters have made a great discovery; namely that the majority of those "rugged" individuals who make up our hard-hitting football team aren't really as "rugged" as they seem, but are really softhearted sentimentalists. To prove our point:

"Kinky" Gomes, one of the capable co-captains of the team, has as his two favorite songs, "Since You Went Away" and "You'll Never Know," (Romantic, huh?). Jay Corinet, that dashing lad, has appropriately enough named "How Many Hearts Have You Broken?" as his favorite. (How many, Jay?) As we go on down the line we find Donnie Kasuba, our blue-eyed sophomore quarterback, who sighs "I Dream of You," while "Marney" Wood, another up-and-

coming quarterback, is just "Making Believe."

Next on our list is Al Bianchi, co-captain elect for 1945. Al is another of these dreamy-eyed sentimentalists. "You'll Never Know" is tops on his personal hit parade.

We aren't sure, but rumor has it that Eddie Paris's favorite is definitely "Sweet Genevieve." (Oh, Eddie, are we right?!)

The only member of the team who has kept true to his reputation is "Red" Rossazza, who just loves his "Little Brown Jug". (The Song, I mean!!!!)

After gathering this damaging evidence against our team, we retire until next month when we'll be back with more of these secrets.

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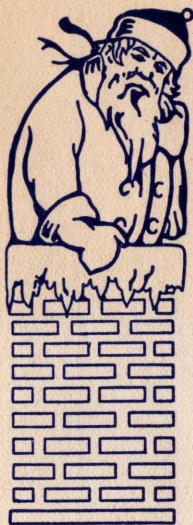
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